Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poynes. Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giue me ground. but I followed me cloſe, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men growne out of two?

Fal. But as the diuel would haue it, three miſ-begottē knaues, in *Kendall* greene, came at my backe and let driue at me, for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a moūtaine, opē palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What? art thou mad? art thou mad; is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in *Kendall* greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaiſt thou to this?

Poy. Come, your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſiō? if reaſons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats tong, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe compariſōs, heare me ſpeak but thus

Poy. Marke, *Iacke*.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure & bound them, & were maiſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhall put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,